GAUDY--tshos lakmo bright coloured. Ladákis approve highly of bright colours therefore our "gaudy" corresponds with their "bright". 100

[52]

GIPSY-- khamba or khampa. No gipsies are found among Ladákis, who are a very well-to-do people. Wandering beggars come from the Lhása Province of "Kham," hence possibly the word "khamba." 735 568

[53]GOD--konjok is the general term, but it is hard to say what the Ladákis understand the word to mean, for according to European ideas they have no God. They have a kind of Trinity which they call the "Konjoksum" or "Konjok sumbo." It is made up as follows:--(1) sangiás (sangeys) konjok, i.e., Buddha the emblem of intelligence, and the head of the Buddhist faith and priesthood (2) chhos konjok, i.e., the religion deity; (3) gendun konjok, i.e., the priestly deity. From this it seems that the Ladákis have no God, and that they worship a Trinity representing--(1) Buddha; (2) priests of the religion of Buddha. Ordinary Ladákis have no idea of anything before and apart from Buddha, and they never trouble their heads about the Laws of Nature, and the Causer of Causes. They think that the world goes on in a never ending round of "kalpas" or periods, each of which has its own Buddha, and each of which is terminated by the destruction of the world by fire, as a punishment for the sins of mankind. After that, a fresh "kalpas" commences, and so on. 779 776 872

They cannot give any information as to their belief regarding the length of a "kalpas;" but they say that long long ago the age of man extended up to 800 years, that since then his life time has gradually been shortened, till now, his age rarely extends beyond 80 years, that the present is the last of the life shortening "kalpas," and that after the end of this "kalpas," man's life time will gradually be lengthened to its former limits.

In addition to the "konjoksum," the Ladákis have endless minor deities:"Hla" or more correctly "Lha" is the general term for a fairy, spirit, or deity; rgiachhen is Indra; tshángspa is Brahma; khiápjook is Vishuoo; wángchhook is Iswara; and dodhla is Cupid, in the evil sense of the God of lust. 776 779

Other minor gods are sa i hla the earth god, ree i hla the mountain

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in the dak bungalow—soup, hamburgers, cocoa, canned fruit, and *chapattis*. Discussion turned to the court session.

"Are these families on this land legally?" I asked.

"No. They are all illegal squatters. The law of Punjab provides that a man may homestead public land and that he has a period of time to make payment for it. But he must pay."

"How much must he pay?"

"About two hundred rupees [forty dollars] an acre."

"Have any paid?"

"None."

"Do they all owe arrears in taxes?"

"Yes, all of them."

"What is the law of Punjab in such cases?"

"The squatters must be ejected."

"Is that what you are going to do tomorrow? Eject them?"

There was a long pause.

"None will be ejected," he finally replied with emphasis. "You are a judge and you know that law is law but that the law is not always justice."

I nodded but answered, "Yet this is public property."

"True," he replied, "but these farmers are India's outposts. They occupy land bordering countries that may be unfriendly. It is important that India keep this border country populated. Certainly Soviet Communism exploits every discontent in India. It is better that India sacrifice her legal rights or even lose a part of her public domain and have happy people here than that she enforce her legal rights and end up with discontented citizens on this sensitive northern border."

"Why can't the people pay taxes?"

His eyes were now wide with seriousness. "Why, these people only subsist. They raise barely enough to live. They trade barley for wool from Tibet and make their own clothes. I suppose none of the families we saw this afternoon has a cash income each year of even ten rupees."

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• 735 511 Ten rupees is only two dollars, I thought. With two dollars a year per family the women could have a little talcum powder perhaps, a little hair oil, a few pieces of soap. There would be precious little, if any, for tobacco, for medicines, for sweets. I recalled a scene that had happened earlier this day. A dozen or more children from three to ten years old had gathered around me at Jispa. They were in tatters, a bit pinched in the face, very shy, and very dirty. I opened a small bag of chocolate drops. The children at once held out their dirty little hands, their eyes big with expectation. As I put one piece in each hand the fingers closed tightly on it. The first bite was taken carefully and tentatively. Then the expressions quickly changed—the eyes lighted, the tenseness was gone, the faces were happy and relaxed, and one little fellow actually shouted. The chocolates were wolfed down as quickly as a dog swallows a morsel of meat. In a few seconds each of the dirty little hands was stretched out to me again.

These little tots stood huddled together for hours, following me like a shadow wherever I went. And every time I looked at them they would shyly hold out their tiny hands palms up and look at me with eyes that carried as powerful a plea as man with all the skills known to drama could devise.

000 train. There was one other exception, when we traveled from Pagmur to Leh with Nehru's horsemen.

133 About eight miles below Pagmur at a place called Zara we got
361 horses and yaks. Zara is a barren, rolling basin that lies at the confluence of three bleak valleys. There is no mark of habitation at Zara except a few tents. Zara is indeed only a rendezvous for the goatherds of Rupshu—a region as remote from civilization and even from caravans as any place in Central Asia, an area inhabited by migrating tribes who have and enforce their own law quite independently of the central government at Leh.

136 Rupshu has large, fat marmots (called wild dogs by the natives), who peer curiously at all travelers. They pop in and out of their holes, running awkwardly. Then they stand and whistle in
[825] a tantalizing manner. The natives believe the marmot has the soul
[751] of a man who is mischievous and malicious. The fat is used externally for rheumatism.

Rupshu also has some geese and ducks, the burrhl or blue sheep, the big-horned *Ovis ammon*, a snow cock, and gazelles. Big brown wolves raid the flocks of the miserably poor people, called Rupshupa or Changpa, who roam its almost barren basins and ridges.

137 This area has bunch grass, the mossy *burtse*, the low *dama* bush, and a small sage-colored bush that the Tibetans call *jyapshen*. But one takes a long step between clumps of grass. The mark of
• 735 overgrazing lies heavily on Rupshu. The mark of poverty is on
511 the people and their possessions, as well as on the land. Their
[291] brown pup-like tents are often in tatters. The Rupshupa go barefoot, wrapped in heavy brown coats that reach to their ankles. The black hair of men and women alike hangs in a tangled mass down their foreheads and necks. Their skin has ground in it the dust of hundreds of storms, and they carry the look of people who have not bathed for months on end.

000 We met the Rupshupa at Zara on a small piece of green meadow by a clear-water brook that comes down from the east.

[Of the marmot--Analyst]

595 some husbands who will not share fully in the connubial bliss.
182 They will be apt to turn their backs on marriage and retire to the
792 monasteries to become lamas.

595 All of these reasons may contribute to the invention and spread
428 of polyandry in Ladakh and Tibet. But the chief reason is the law of primogeniture. In this region the land, on the death of the father, passes to the eldest son. That has the advantage of keeping an estate intact, of preventing it from being pulverized into many pieces. Otherwise, family units might become so small as to be
• [735] uneconomic. Proponents of primogeniture say that if the estates were pulverized, starvation would be the fate of those who, even with large farms, barely keep at the subsistence level.

But if all the land goes to the eldest son, the younger ones are cast out and nothing is left for them. New land in this bleak and barren country is not readily had. There are no frontiers where untapped, fertile land can be opened to settlement. And there will be none unless vast irrigation projects are undertaken. There is no industry to which the younger sons can turn. There are precious few trades that will absorb them. The economy is almost exclusively agricultural. The younger sons must look to the land for their livelihood unless perchance they become lamas, or try to develop caravan routes, or leave the country completely.

The problem, therefore, was to keep all the sons on the ancestral plot of ground and yet preserve the old home place as a unit. If each son moved in with a wife, there would probably be trouble. Even if there were no trouble, there would be many babies and an increasing number of mouths to feed.

595 And so several reasons may have combined to build each generation of sons around one wife. This woman, who became the wife of the eldest son, became the wife of each of his brothers. The first-born son—whatever husband be the father—became the
[601] heir. The eldest husband is called Father; each of his brothers is called Little Father. In the eyes of the law, each has equal access to the wife and she has equal obligations to all the brothers. In

* [See p.179 -- ANALYST]

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593 595 184 agreement was made that she would be the wife of only the one son. Thus are the rights of women being gradually asserted in this ancient, feudal system.

593 I visited a polyandric family in the village of Sankar, a mile or so north of Leh. It was a family of one wife, one child, and two husbands. Dombos was the name—Stobldan Dombos being the older brother; Tashi Dondrup Dombos, the younger; Nyangyal, the wife. They were a farm family with a few *kanals* of land under cultivation. Their house is a two-storied mud-and-stone affair with two rooms downstairs and one up. The bedroom is upstairs; and I discovered that Stobldan and Tashi Dondrup have a working rule governing the sharing of the wife. The one who is demanding her undivided attention leaves his shoes outside the closed bedroom door.

This was a gay, happy family. Nyangyal, tall and thin and with languid eyes, was eager to be photographed. The brothers were glad to co-operate. The atmosphere of the home was relaxed, not tense. Both brothers were hoping there would be more children on the way soon.

I visited the Gyalang family in Leh. This, again, is a family of one wife, Nordzin, and two husbands, Phuntzog the older and 465 Pamba the younger. They are as poor as church mice. Phuntzog makes sixty rupees (about twelve dollars) a month running the mail down to Spitok from Leh. They have a few *kanals* of land 291 which Pamba attends to. All of them are dressed in rags. Phuntzog and Pamba wore the typical Ladakhi dress. Their wool coats were loose, coarsely woven, and dyed red. Each had a dirty sash around his waist. Their stockings were of felt and knee-length. Their hats were a cap-like headdress with flaps on two sides that cover the ears in winter. Nordzin's dress (her only one) was a typical Ladakhi dress—coarse black wool with high neck, long sleeves, 515 full skirt. She never washes the dress. She takes it off at night, • 735 and in the winter uses it as extra bedding. Sometimes she will hang it outside at night to rid it of lice. The day I took her picture

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she was nursing a child; and as the baby fed, Nordzin picked lice off herself and off the child and cracked them with her fingernails. Her hair was matted. Nordzin, about five feet eight and slight, had a flat face that was creased with care and worry and unhappiness. The faces of the children were as filthy as the rags they wore.

I inquired of Pamba why they were so poor when Phuntzog made twelve dollars a month and the garden produced all the vegetables they could eat. The answer was slow in coming, and even then it was evasive. It seems that a great portion of the income of the Gyalangs goes into the making of *chan*, the local barley beer. Indeed, one eighth of the farm production of Leh is used to make this brew. It stimulates many quarrels between the brothers. With the help of the *chan*, Phuntzog and Pamba raise their voices over Nordzin.

When I entered the Gyalang house, I began to understand the basis for the friction. It is a one-room affair. A clay stove, built by Phuntzog, is against one wall. The floor is of mud and very dirty. There are no chairs, no table, no bed. The one wife, four children, and two husbands roll up together on the floor.

There was a scowl on Pamba's face when I asked him about Phuntzog.

"He's Nordzin's favorite," Pamba complained.

"But he's gone most of the day and many nights on his mail route," I said.

Pamba only shrugged his shoulders.

Later I talked with Phuntzog. The sun was just rising over Leh, and he was in a hurry to get started on the road to Spitok. He, like Pamba, is short, squat, round-faced, and bedraggled. Like Pamba, he was full of complaints. His brother was getting the best of the arrangement, he said. His long absences gave Pamba the advantage. It was he, Phuntzog, who owned the place; yet it was Pamba who acted like lord and master. And Pamba was lazy and made Nordzin do all the work.

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fact, go hand in hand. Poverty is indeed the main instrument for promoting and perpetuating ignorance.

Each monastery has not only a spiritual head (the *skushok*), but also a managerial head (the *chhagzot*), and a treasurer (the *konyer*). There are two classes of monks—the praying monks and the working monks. The working monks are under the *chhagzot* and the *konyer*. The *chhagzot* is usually a lama whose main job is to supervise the making of leases of the farmlands and their cultivation, and to collect the rents. He usually rides the biggest, whitest horse in the region. When he or the lama who represents him comes to a village to collect the rents, he brings with him more than the usual power and prestige of the landlord. He also brings the power and prestige of the church. He is the holy man to whom all allegiance is owed. He is the one who holds the tenant in the palm of his hand. He may, in appearance, be a kindly man. But as a symbol he has a terrifying importance. Since he is under a mandate to keep the people poor, he can in good conscience exact the pound of flesh. And they—poor, miserable, whimpering villagers—can only bow in submission.

These Ladakhis are poor people—poor in the strictest sense in which we use the word. They get some income from sheep, goats, and yaks. But the bulk of their livelihood is from agriculture. They are on a bare subsistence level. They commonly work per family only a few acres. Their diet has very little meat in it. The Rupshupa, whom I saw at Zara, eat milk, cheese, and meat, supplemented by barley that they get in barter for wool. But they are the exceptions. The rest are, for the most part, vegetarians. They eat barley and wheat cakes (*chapattis*), the broth of turnips with some peas in it, baked barley flour (*sattu*), fruits in season (apples, grapes, apricots), and *gur gur cha*. They have one escape from the monotony of life—apart from the festivals at the monasteries. That escape is through *chan*—a local beer, made from wheat and barley, that looks like dirty gruel and smells like stale beer.

The Rupshupa, now that the price of wool is high, may have

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• 735 an annual cash income of eighty dollars a year per family. But
511 that is far above what the average Ladakhi family will have in a year.

[342] At Upshi, where we first touched the Indus River, we stayed with the headman of the village, Jigmet. Jigmet's house has two stories. It is made of stone and mud with rafters of poplar wood. The ceilings are about six feet high. The floors are mud. The roof is flat, constructed of rocks and mud laid on top of boughs. The cooking is done in a fireplace located under a hole in the roof. The toilet is on an open balcony on the second floor. It consists only of a hole in the mud floor. There are no furnishings in the house—no chairs, no beds, no tables. There are no decorations on the walls, no carpets on the floors.

Jigmet is the richest man in the village. He owns the land he works—eighteen *kanals* or a little more than one acre. He has no sheep, no goats, no yaks. He has one dzo that he uses for plowing. For fuel he uses the dung of the dzo and the common sea buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*)—a silvery-barked shrub with sharp spines and orange-yellow berries that flourishes in the valley of the Indus. He raises only barley, and he irrigates it from the Indus. He has a few chickens. Their eggs, the dzo's milk, and the barley are his income. He bragged that he had a cash income, over and above his living, of fifty dollars a year. A local official laughed at the idea. He said five dollars a year would be closer.

[291] Jigmet wore a gray wool gown, sandals, and a Ladakhi hat. The hat, distinguished by a rim made of black fur, had a round, squat top. Jigmet had one other adornment. In his right ear he wore a big gold earring about an inch and a half in diameter. His face was sad; his black eyebrows and thick, black mustache accentuated the severity of his countenance. Yet he was a gracious host. He showed us to our room on the second floor. The room had a small balcony big enough for a sleeping bag. It faced north, and I could see miles and miles up the Indus. We no sooner had unpacked than Jigmet's family appeared—a wife suckling a babe,

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a grandmother, two small boys, a teen-age girl. I asked to get their pictures in several different groupings. Jigmet directed them to comply. After each picture, Jigmet came up and, with outstretched hand, said, "Bakshish" (an Arabic word meaning a tip, which the British introduced to Ladakh). Each time I gave him or the wife or the children something—candy, cigarettes, salt. The picture taking took a half hour or so. Jigmet and the family then left. When Rahul and I were eating dinner, Jigmet reappeared. He sat silently watching us for ten minutes or so. Then he got up, held out his hand, and said, "Bakshish." I gave him some more cigarettes. At the crack of dawn he was back, saying, "Bakshish." He followed me around as I took pictures of Upshi and its people.

I worked my way through his fields of beardless barley to get pictures of the Indus River, about a quarter mile distant. Every few yards, Jigmet, who followed me closely, pleaded, "Bakshish." That word came so frequently that it rang in my ears. By the time I had returned to the house, loaded my cameras, and started to leave, Jigmet had increased the frequency of the request. "Bakshish, bakshish, bakshish" came like a chant. I had paid him well for the lodgings. I did not know what the proprieties were. Rahul said I had paid enough; so did the Indian Army officer who was traveling with us from Pagmur to Leh.

I walked up to Jigmet and held out my hand to say good-by. He did not put out his hand but said, "If there is no bakshish, there is no use shaking hands."

I took his hand anyway and gave it a firm squeeze, saying, "This is the way we do it in America. Friendship is more important than bakshish."

Jigmet stood disconsolate as I rode off on Moti. Though Jigmet, by Ladakhi peasant standards, was well off, he had not more than ten dollars a year cash income. All who lived around him were much poorer than he, held in a vicious serfdom under the monasteries. It was his duty to feed and care for every lama who went

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511
• 735 by. It was only the occasional stranger who offered him any pos-
792 sible opportunity to make a cash profit.

[542] The poverty and ignorance in which the lamas hold the people
578 of this region mean that the lamas are supreme in temporal as
522 well as in spiritual matters. There is no revolt, not even any apparent resentment. Yet people are people the world around; and the Ladakhis show their resentment in simple, innocuous ways. It is in the form of making fun of the lamas. And one of the most dramatic ways is in the singing of a famous Ladakhi folk song.

[291] The women of Gya sang it for me. A dozen or more stood in line, close together. They were dressed in their conventional long black wool dresses. Most of them had on the picturesque *perakh*,[1] and the large black wool earpieces that stood out like sails from their heads. Most of them wore sheepskins over their shoulders—the skin that serves as a ground covering at night, a protection against rain by day, and a shield for the carrying of loads on the back. They were giggling as they started to sing; and the giggles interfered with the song until at last they finally settled to a
578 serious rendition. The song is a take-off on a man accused of be-
522 ing a lama. The man's name is Tashiwangyal, and he is the singer.
792
539

Don't think I have no father;[1]
My father's caste is bright like sandalwood.[2]
Don't think I have no mother;
I'm like the guitar made out of the reindeer skin.[3]
Don't think I have no tongue;
I'm like the cord made of the inner skin of the goat.[4]
Don't think I am a lama;
Thang Thang Gyalpo is my lama.[5]*

[1]A lama is supposed to renounce his father and mother.
[2]He is, in other words, spotless.
[3]He's made of proper stuff.
[4]This skin has a fine texture.
[5]He was a very superior man who built a lot of monasteries.
*See page 334.

 7 [Headdress of older women. -- Analyst]

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Yet out of this waste and desolation have been built some of the most magnificent *mani* walls in the world. They stretch almost continuously the whole of the four miles from the Indus to the town of Leh. Some units are a mile long, fifteen feet wide, six or seven high, with *chhortens* at each end. Some are double, with a twenty-five-foot passage in between. Hundreds upon hundreds of slabs of flat rocks have been engraved with prayers and placed on top. All of these prayers are said for the passers-by, who, by the mere act of passing, gain merit. These *mani* walls are the product of centuries of work. Hundreds of faithful hands have carried the rocks from fields and gullies; hundreds of man hours have been spent by lamas working as stonemasons to cut prayers into slate, prayers that will do service so long as the rocks do last.

As we neared Leh we saw the longest of these *mani* walls and kept it on our right until we came close to the south gate of the ancient town. There we stopped and took pictures. I remarked to Rahul that this huge *mani* wall that ran downhill at our feet a mile or so reminded me of a great conduit carrying water off our western mountains for irrigation in distant valleys. He was amused at the symbolism and went on to review the economic plight of this region:

—most of the wealth is owned by a few men and the monasteries.

—the great mass of the people are poor, living at the bare subsistence level.

—the monasteries pay no taxes on their wealth.

Ladakh, therefore, is a deficit area—finance-wise; and since the Kashmir government gets precious little revenue from Ladakh, it is not anxious to spend much money there for improvement.

Ladakh, therefore, remains a feudal system in the modern world, a feudal system held together by the fears and superstitions and adoration created by the religious order of lamas.

"If half of the energy spent in building *mani* walls," Rahul said, "was spent in building irrigation projects for the people, Ladakh would prosper."

That was only a part of the plight of Ladakh. I was to learn about the rest when I reached Leh.

Leh is the ancient capital of Ladakh, with narrow, winding streets made for caravans, not cars. It indeed has no vehicle except the jeeps of the Indian Army garrison; and even jeeps have difficulty in squeezing through passageways no wider than mountain trails and lined with houses. The main bazaars are located along an L-shaped street as wide as any in our midwestern towns. They are narrow stalls flush with the street and, like most Far Eastern stores, closed by solid wooden doors sealed with padlocks. The long part of the L runs perhaps two blocks. At the point where the short leg of the L runs to the left, there is a Moslem mosque. When we entered the south gate of the ancient city and swung down the main avenue with my musical mule train, it was late afternoon. A Moslem priest was in the minaret of the mosque calling the faithful to prayer.

la ilaha illa–'llah:
Mohammed rasulu–'llah.
No god but Allah: Mohammed
is the messenger of Allah.

There are not many of the faithful in Ladakh–2,000 out of a total population of 80,000. This is predominantly Buddhist country, and so it has been for centuries. Yet the Moslem mosque is also ancient. Buddhism, more tolerant than the aggressive faith of Islam, has allowed the mosque to thrive through all the vicissitudes of peace and war.

It happened this way. The King of Ladakh was having trouble with the raids of the Tartars from the north. He sent a plea to the Maharajah of Kashmir, a Moslem, for help in expelling the aggressor. The Moslems have had a different relation to India than

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his wig standing over there, with a markedly malevolent look in one big bad eye, seeming to watch with great resentment the intrusion of our Western selves into his valley? Certainly that eye follows us till we are level with him, after which suddenly turning, we find that he too has turned back again to see what other intruders will follow, and we wonder how the rest of our party will stand his evil scorn. Then our eye falls on a giant emerging with his broom from his cave, from which we can trace the track down which he goes to fetch water. His face is hidden, but shoulder, arm and broom are clearly visible. What mystery is he brooming out with such persistence? A little further we spy a Mongolian-looking female, eyes closed, and flattened nose turned up in utter disgust at our European smell. So, though the last few miles are generally the longest, these are more than beguiled by all the strange wizard-like forms and fairy-like scenes we see depicted opposite, varied with glimpses into deep narrow ravines with more weird formations, suggesting the strangest mysteries.

Our attention is diverted, however, by Mulbek's monastery, perched high up on inaccessible-looking crags and dominating the whole valley. Strange and sudden on its perch, fascinating in its form and outline, we at last turn down under its very shadow to the polo ground, on the nearer side of which is the rest-house, and on the further side the central stream. All along we have been noting how exactly the strange dwellers of this valley fitted the scenery from head to foot, indeed especially head-dress and footgear, no doubt contributing to our feeling of being intruders. The chuckling fat babies with their nun's style of close-fitting cap, tucked into one of the aforementioned baskets, and left on the edge of the field in which their care-taker is busy, are particularly attractive. At the bungalow we find a lot of *respas* (turn-men) waiting to secure the job of our transport for the next day. In our staff is a coolie boy from a village near Leh, who came to us utterly destitute in

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Srinagar, wearing a puggaree, a pair of trousers, and a warm shirt with military breast pockets, in which he apparently carried all his worldly goods, rather to the confusion of the natural outlines of his broad manly chest. This boy, a Mussulman named Ibchung (little Abraham) constantly delighted us by his cheery ways, and naïve enjoyment of life. Seeing our interest in these strange people, he promptly marshalled them before us and shewed them off as though he had specially collected them for the purpose. Dirty and ragged, but delightfully cheery, enjoying us as we did them, all looked ready to pop into a fairy tale. One with a red cap was quite the dandy of the party, another wrinkled old man with hair untidily fringing out of his pigtail and round his face, had a big cavern between two isolated teeth. There was a boy with a coarsely-quilted sleeveless padded waistcoat, even at the end of May. Here was a living representative of Absalom, a Balti wearing a little round cap with rolled up edges, dark curling locks falling on to each shoulder, big black eyes, and, unlike our Buddhist Ladakis, an expression of utter gloom.

As we waited for our luggage, we noted the paraphernalia attached to the people, as demonstrated by Ibchung. One old chap with bracelets of wool on his arm was spinning from it on to a little wooden spindle. From his wool he would make sacks, carpets or ropes. His was black wool from a cow, while another, filling his enforced idleness with like industry, was spinning from the white wool of a goat, twirling the spindle almost unconsciously as he gazed at us. In their belts and about their persons was quite an array of instruments, such as flint and tinder, knife, long spoon, spectacles in case, sewing purse and pen-case, the last empty as is usual with these people. These were all depending from the waist, and often a large brass soup or tea ladle was stuck in the folds of their ample sash behind. In front, hanging by a small chain, one man had a little pair of broad-ended forceps for

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Ladak

beaten and obliged to pay compensation to the outraged husbands. Sometimes, I heard, the lover, assisted by friends, resisted and a fight ensued, in which the husbands' party might also be reinforced by friends and relatives. In the end a third party would be brought in to arbitrate and fix the amount of compensation due, if adultery was satisfactorily proved.

In the case of a *mag-pa* wife, or a *mag-pa* husband, I have already mentioned above, in what I wrote on divorce proceedings, what the correct behaviour is in cases of the partners' infidelity.

As a rule, immorality is something that attempts are made to conceal, and scandals do not occur often because everyone always tries to hush them up. One of the chief difficulties that has to be faced, if such a case becomes known and has to be dealt with in the glare of public knowledge, is the problem of property. A guilty couple will have none to live on and, unless they can collect sufficient means to buy themselves at least a land tenancy, they will become beggars and be forced to live on grudging public charity.

The fate of illegitimate children is also a sad one. In most cases, hushing up the affair consists in considering a child born of an adulterous union as one of the family. Abortions are nevertheless often resorted to, and in the case of unmarried girls frequently practised. In Leh, Moslem barbers are those who perform these operations. Unwanted children begotten in this way are often done away with, too, by the mother simply giving birth to the child near the river, and throwing it into the water to drown. This is often the case with nuns in monasteries, who should be chaste in accordance with their vows. Most illegitimate children who live to be adult, become lamas or nuns. The principal reason for this is again that they have no property and cannot marry. In this way, they can live off the resources of the monastery.

5. *Dissolution of marriage by death*

If the eldest husband of a woman dies, the widow is automatically the official wife of the surviving eldest brother of the deceased, by inheritance. No marriage ceremony need be performed. If the woman does not like to live with this man and his younger brothers as she did during the lifetime of the eldest, but at the same time, does not like to leave the family household or to take yet another husband different from those she has had so far, or, again, if the surviving eldest brother does not wish to keep her as his wife, she is entitled in all these cases, to maintenance by the family. This takes the form of a piece of land